

"And will it go out?" said Rollo.

"That depends upon what kind of air it is," said Jonas.

"They all look clear, just as if there was nothing in the jars; but when you let a candle down in, in some it burns just the same as before; in some it burns brighter; and in some it goes out."

"In what kinds does it go out?" asked Rollo.

"I only know of one kind," said Jonas, "and that is a kind that comes of itself in mines, and wells, and other places."

"What is the name of it?" asked Rollo.

"Why, the people in the mines call it choke damp; but I believe it has got another name besides."

"What do they call it choke damp for?" said Rollo.

"Because," said Jonas, "if the miners get into it and breath it it kills them. It is not any better to breathe than it is to make fires burn."

"I wish I could see some choke damp," said Rollo.

"O, you can't see it at all," said Jonas, "if it was right before you, any more than you can see common air. If a well or a mine is full of it, they cannot find it out by looking down."

"How do they find it out?" said Rollo.

"Why, they let a candle down," replied Jonas.

"And will the candle go out?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas, "if there is choke damp in the well. Sometimes they make a little of it in a tumbler or a jar upon the table, and so let a little flame down into it, and it goes out immediately."

"I wish we could make some," said Rollo. "Do you know how they make it?"

"No," said Jonas; "but I believe it is pretty easy to do it if we only knew how."

"I will ask my father," said Rollo; "perhaps he will know."

This conversation took place when Jonas and Rollo were about the fires; but now the fires had pretty nearly burnt out, and they prepared to go home.

That evening, just about sunset, Rollo went out behind the house, and found Jonas raking off the yard. The spring was fast coming on, and the grass was beginning to look a little green; and Jonas said he wanted to get off all the sticks, chips, and straws, so that the yard would present a surface of smooth and uniform green. Rollo told him that he had found out how to make choke damp.

"Did your father tell you?" said Jonas.

"No," replied Rollo.

"Who did tell you, then?" said Jonas.

"Guess," answered Rollo.

"Your mother," said Jonas.

"No," answered Rollo.

"Then I can't tell," said Jonas.

"It was Miss Mary," replied Rollo. "I met her in the road to-day, and I asked her."

"And how is it?" asked Jonas.

"Why we make it with chalk and vinegar," said Rollo. "We pound up a little chalk, and put it in the bottom of a tumbler. Then we pour some vinegar over it. The vinegar takes the choke damp out of the chalk, and Miss Mary says it will come up in little bubbles. She says we can lay a paper over the top loosely,—she said loosely, but I think it ought to be tight."

"Why?" asked Jonas.

"So as to keep the choke damp from coming out," replied Rollo.

"No," said Jonas. "I understand why she said you must put it on loosely; that's to let the common air out."

"What common air?" said Rollo.

"Why, the air that was in the tumbler before," replied Jonas.

"You see that, as fast as the choke damp comes up, it drives the common air out of the top of the tumbler; and so you must put the paper on loosely, and let it go out."

(To be Continued.)

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

In the manse of Kelso, among the hills of Scotland, when the trees were in the full blossoms of the spring of 1814, was born one, than whom a lovelier scarcely ever lived; whose charms of form and feature, though peerless, were lost in the brighter and sweeter charms of heart and soul and mind, that made her the idol of many, and fixed her for an early translation to the companionship of congenial spirits in a fairer world.

Mary Lundie: "Those who know her would look on us as rash

in making her the theme of this page, and while we expect to fail in pleasing them or ourselves, still it is pleasing to dwell on the picture that we know we cannot copy, and to hold it up to others to gaze upon till the image is repeated in our own and our reader's hearts.

Her mother is her biographer; and we would make all allowance for the touches a mother's hand would give the portrait of an angel daughter. But there is no need of drawing upon the mother for the materials from which to form our image. The impressions made on other hearts have been left for us, and there are (more than these) her own soul's thoughts, which speak for themselves and tell us what Mary Lundie Duncan must have been, when in the bright morning of her being she shone the light and joy of the sphere in which she moved.

We said that *others* had left us their impressions of Mary's loveliness. Let us then, before we draw our sketch, look on theirs. A British clergyman thus speaks of her in a letter to a pastor in Edinburgh:

"The first time my eyes beheld her, was as I came down your pulpit stairs one Sabbath evening. She was in your pew conversing with your daughter. The setting sun shed a hallowed radiance over her heaven-born countenance. She smiled, a very angel of light! I need not tell you that I hastened to enquire who she was. But, alas! these eyes will behold her no more on earth."

An American divine of wide-spread celebrity, and advanced in years, when writing to her mother, speaks of her in words that show the warm admiration of youth. He says:

"Were I to tell you all that I have said and thought since my return, of that dear one now in glory, it would appear extravagant and fictitious. But I will not attempt to send you such a document. Suffice it, that I loved your dear Mary, and love her yet, as one of the rarest specimens of woman! Lovely creature! I often said that I bore from Europe no impressions of loveliness and worth more complete than those given me by Mary Lundie."

One more witness must be heard. A school companion writes:

"To begin with the evanescent qualities, I am glad a portrait was not attempted. It would have been too much to hope for a likeness. It is not a matter of surprise, that it should be difficult to transfer to canvass those features, chiselled in the highest style of Grecian beauty, and lighted up as they usually were with an expression almost seraphic;—and it is better that nothing unjustly purporting to be a representation should appear. I well remember when at school, a weight having accidentally fallen on dear Mary's head, she was obliged to recline on a sofa;—the fright had sent away the colour from her cheeks, and she lay with her eyes closed. We were all seated round the table with our drawing. My own pencil relaxed for a few moments, to gaze on that alabaster face, as I thought I had never before seen anything so beautiful. On glancing round, each eye was found attracted to the same spot, and an involuntary murmur of admiration escaped every lip. This has often been referred to by those who were present, and I confess it is among my most vivid recollections. Perhaps to many it may appear unworthy of being mentioned, as beauty is such a secondary thing in reality. Still to deny its great influence betrays little knowledge of human nature, and as it often forms a strong temptation to its possessor, a deliverance from the snare is an additional proof of the power of divine grace, and as such is worthy of record. We have the authority of one of our most celebrated clergymen for the declaration that 'since beauty is the gift of God, and a good gift, the beautiful woman is as accountable to him for the use she makes of her beauty, as the man of intellect is for the talents bestowed on him.'"

Yet personal beauty was the least of her loveliness, as those know who knew her, and as those will readily believe who have read her biography. It is our private opinion, though we care not to be very free in mentioning it, that in all that goes to constitute the daughter, wife, and mother, there was nothing to be desired which nature, culture and grace had not freely lavished on the person and the spirit of Mary Lundie Duncan. Those who have access to the memoirs of this accomplished woman, will do as they please about following us in the imperfect sketch our limits will allow, but those who are now to be introduced will, we feel confident, find even in the outline here given, much to admire, and much, we trust, which they will aim to imitate.

In very childhood her sweetness of temper, a charm of youth and age, was delightfully revealed. When she was only four years of age, her little brother struck her on the cheek in a fit of